

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XI. NO. 11.

LEXINGTON, KY., SUNDAY, MAY 4, E. M. 302.

\$1.00 A YEAR



Charles C. Moore
Editor

TERMS OF THE BLADE.
1 issue for one year \$1.00.
5 issues for one year \$2.50.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; in clubs of five 50 cents; foreign subscription \$1.50.

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WHEN you change your address advise this office giving old as well as new address.

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Published WEEKLY at \$1.00 a year, in advance.

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The BLADE will be sent for 50 cents a year, each for any order for FIVE or more. Sample copies will be sent free.

AGENTS FOR THE BLADE.
Anybody can be an Agent for the Blade by sending two cents each for ten papers or more.

ADVERTISING IN THE BLADE.
Rowell's Newspaper Directory says:

5,368.
Average Weekly Circulation for 1900

BLUE GRASS BLADE,
Lexington, Ky.

The leading weekly in the State. Published in the heart of the Blue Grass Region. Circulates in every State in the Union and in some foreign countries.

Reaches a liberal class of buyers. Advertising rates and sample copies on application.

My terms are \$10.00 an inch a year, paid in advance, regardless of the number of lines and for nothing less than a year.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of death—the suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT C. INGERSOLL.

PREMIUMS

FOR THE B. G. B. THAT BEAT THE BAND.

"Behind the Bars 31498," or Dr. J. H. Greer's "Physician in the House," as a Premium For Every Five New Subscribers at 50 Cents Each.

BUT THEY MUST BE NEW ONES.

I have started out to raise 100,000 readers for the Blue Grass Blade, in 3 years from the time the linotype first turns a wheel in the Blade office, and of these 25,000 should be in one year from this date.

Of course Mr. Hughes and I appreciate that this can only be done at the minimum margin of profit. One of the plans to do this is by giving premiums. The premiums that we offer are my person-written book, "Behind the Bars; 31498," and "A Physician in the House," by Dr. J. H. Greer, of Chicago, who, I think, is, or was, a Professor in the Medical College in that city.

For every 5 new subscribers—and they must be really new ones—at 50 cents each, I will give either one of the above books that may be selected by the party getting 5 new subscribers, and he shall have one of these books for each 5 that he may get.

The copies of "Behind the Bars; 31498" that will be given are all neatly bound with gilt title, and a fine picture of Editor Moore.

This book belongs equally to Mr. Hughes and myself. We sold it at \$1.50 a copy until all expenses of its publication were paid and about \$100.00 over, and then we reduced the price to \$1.

The price of Dr. Greer's "Physician in the House" is \$2.75.

"Dr. Greer is a friend of the blind and his office seems to indicate that he is a rich man. Mr. Hughes has lately visited Dr. Greer's office and says he is 'away up in G.'"

Dr. Greer has promised to supply us as many of this book as we want at a mere nominal price. As its name suggests it is intended to take the place of a physician, to a great extent, by instructing persons about the symptoms of diseases and their treatments.

The book has 1,000 pages, and is so heavy that in all cases where we can we will send it (prepaid in all instances) by express.

For each 5 sent at 50 cents each, either one of these books will be sent that may be chosen by the party sending the subscribers.

WIRELESS SPECIAL FROM HELL.

AMEN CORNER, HELL.

April 14, E. M. 302.

Dear Moore—I got here about three minutes after I shuffled off the mortal in Washington. Really to a man who has lived in Washington the change is rather a pleasant one; the people here are generally more moral than in Washington and everybody here is intelligent. I meet a good many of my old Campbellite preacher chums here. They don't like it; not intelligent enough for the society here and not water enough for them.

When I got here they crowded out to meet me like they did you in Lexington when you got back from the penitentiary. Soon after I got here I heard a lisp that was talking to the Devil and I listened to what he was saying. It made me laugh and I thought I would tell you about it and you might stick it in the Blade, but don't give my name because I don't want the boys to know I am up again this racket.

The conversation was as follows:

Devil—What all that fellow laying on the gasoline gridiron?

Imp—He says he's cold. Aint he being roasted?

Imp—Yes; but he says he was a Campbellite sky buster from Charles Moore's town and was the president of an "investment company" and has gotten used to roasting.

Devil—Is it that damned fellow Baker?

Imp—Yes, sir.

Devil—Well, try baking him.

If you print it and can get a few copies on asbestos for this climate I would like to see it. Send word to my wife to send you a five dollar William— one for the Blade for a year. My address is Hell, Amen Corner, Preachers' Row, 5, 1. Number 672,437,941,307. Get the figures right because if you don't some of these other preachers will get it and steal it as they do everything else they can get their hands on.

But no; I must be fair with them— coal lies out here all night and they never steal it.

Give my love to Walton, the Daily Democrat man, that used to boast

Barnes. I like Walton—man after my own heart.

When you see old Henry Duncan shake his paw for—damned old rascal, but I have liked him ever since he fired you off the Daily Press for making fun of my lecture.

I see the fine Italian hand of Charlesworth in the Lexington papers. Good fellow and sound as a Spanish milled dollar. Tell him not to go up agin that Lexington bug juice too much.

Speaking of bug juice reminds me that I see from the papers that Lotus Pitcher has gone out to Oklahoma. Poor fellow; I feel sorry for any man who has to live west of the Mississippi river. You know Phil Sheridan said that if he owned hell and Texas he would rent out Texas and live in hell. Success to you, old boy. May you live until your whiskers will grow so long that a Populist candidate will look like a headless youth in comparison. Speaking of whiskers I met old "Father Abraham" the other day. You couldn't recognize him from his pictures in the Bible because his beard is all singed off. A prophet is like a Billy goat; he don't look natural without his beard.

Speaking of Billy; give my love to Billy Breckinridge. There are two preachers in Lexington that I like— Spencer, that runs that investment company gang in his gospel shop, and Dean Lee, the Episcopal who gave \$5 to the race tracks.

We are looking for old Leo XIII. here every day but we don't want Sam Jones. Sam is too tough and would be a bore here because he's got no sense. I hope he will go to heaven.

Speaking of bibles reminds me of Boers. We are all solid for 'em here. Ta, Ta. Yours fraternally,

T. DE WITT TALMADGE.

TALMADGE.

Talmadge was one of the most extraordinary men of his time—different from all other men—possessing a double individuality, that is without a parallel, in all the annals of history—a good, kind, sensible man concerning the ordinary, every day affairs of life—a man of facts, an exceedingly practical when he stuck to the grass, possessed an intuitive mind that enabled him to arrive at conclusions, with a facility and a rapidity that excited wonder in the minds of persons, who are not familiar with this phase of intellectual activity—his constructive intellectuality was at all times, superb—he possessed a faculty of converting every subject, he desired to discuss, into an illimitable panorama of indescribable colors, forms and pyrotechnic splendor—in the midst of this magnificent and enrapturing picture of the imagination, Talmadge was enabled to curtail the running gears of his reasoning organization, turn on a full head of steam, pull the throttle wide open, shut his eyes and fill the intellectual atmosphere with such a bewildering maze of gauzy inconsistencies, that the mind of the average addle brained, wonder befogged ghost chaser, became paralyzed.

Talmadge was all right, until he steamed up, pulled down the curtain and permitted the engine to run wild—his sermons are the hypnotic wonders of pulp history and all that is left of them would not make a gauzy skeleton of a gauzy dream. As a word painter and a hypnotist he was a success. He appealed to the imagination, excited the faculty of wonder and enveloped his audience with a frail fabric of heavenly dream.

Beecher's name will be coupled with the history of the world for many centuries, but that of Talmadge, represents no intellectual achievements, to entitle it to a resting place in the minds of future generations. Talmadge did as much as any other man of his time to advance the cause of free thought. His admirers belong to the unthinking, unbalanced class of dreamy religionists, who neither lead nor follow and are not easily pushed. Knowing him, as I did in a business way, I can say that my impressions are, that he was a good, kind, practical, sensible man when the curtain was up, when he was Talmadge, the man— when Talmadge the preacher, he was the most visionary dreamer I ever knew.

T. J. WYSCARVER.

Bless Your Dear Old Heart.

West Liberty, Iowa, April 29, E. M. 302. Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Editor Moore—I notice that in a few days my time subscribed for the Blade is up. You will please discontinue the paper at that time. My days are nearly up. You have my good wishes for the future. Yours truly,

D. H. SMITH.

Trials of Delin.
Accused of obstructing secular life. By G. J. Holyoake. Cloth, \$1.

DR. M. R. HAMMER OF NEWTON, IOWA

Is Sent to the Penitentiary Because He is an Infidel.

Fort Madison, Iowa, April 23, 1902, 1:20 at night.

Rev. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir and Friend:—You will see, by the above, that I am at Fort Madison, writing you my last letter as a free man. This morning I will be taken to the prison and locked up for three and a half years. We thought it was staved off for a few weeks at least, but with one hour's notice I was taken from my family, and when the doors re opened I will be thrust in this morning.

Write Mrs. Hammer at once, if you can and help her with your sympathy.

Your Brother,

M. R. HAMMER.

P. S.—Send the Blade to my address, care Hon N. N. Jones, Warden Penitentiary, Fort Madison, Iowa, and I will pay you as soon as I get out of this trouble. Write me and I will answer as soon as I can.

M. R. H.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

I will explain Dr. Hammer's letter as tersely as possible to d justice to the facts.

I am in no way related to Dr. Hammer and have no interest in him other than as an exceedingly good and valuable and honest and peaceable man who as a citizen, a physician, a husband and father and infidel, and a prohibitionist has spent his life, his energy and his means earnestly and intelligently and to promote the happiness of the world.

In his personal habits he is a model of abstinence, not using a liquid or tobacco or even tea or coffee.

My rather long life, saw my husband or father.

When I was put in the penitentiary because I was an infidel his letter of deep sympathy came immediately to my wife.

Dr. Hammer raised the money to pay my expenses to the annual picnic in Moffit's woods, three miles from Newton, where two years ago last fall, I was the principal speaker. A splendid feast was given to which Christians and infidels were alike invited and the good audience was probably principally of Christians. I was Dr. Hammer's guest while there and a more attentive host and hostess than he and his wife were, I never saw.

He is a poor man, though he seemed to have a large and active practice, but I think his patrons were largely of the poorer class.

The most cordial greetings passed between him and all of the many people he met when I was with him.

The first person that he took me to see was a young woman who was a Methodist and a hopelessly helpless invalid from years of rheumatism, she having expressed to him a desire to see me.

Dr. Hammer was just beginning to get gray and is a man about 5 feet and 9 inches tall, and a little more than ordinarily fleshy.

While he is not aggressive or unnecessarily offensive in the expression of his infidel opinions, he expresses them so freely that while I was speaking I pointed to him in the audience and said, "There is a man who will be sent of the penitentiary simply because he is an honest man."

I have known everything about this case from the start, and I sent him \$10 to assist him in his defense. I have never, until this time, said anything about the case in the Blade because his attorneys thought best that I should not do so.

I have gotten my information from Dr. Hammer's letters to me, and from the stenographic report of the trial. Dr. Hammer is the only instance I ever saw where, in a case of this kind, his own private statement of the case was worse against him than that given by the witnesses against him.

The whole testimony in the case is as follows:

Some children had quarreled at a public school. Dr. Hammer's son is a teacher in the public schools.

A man named Wheatcraft, a tremendously big and strong farmer, accused Dr. Hammer and used abusive language in a threatening manner to Dr. Hammer.

Hammer said to Wheatcraft: "I will give you a dollar to hit me, and

if you hit me I will kill you," and he handed a by-stander a dollar to give to Wheatcraft.

A crowd of people separated the two at this point and Dr. Hammer went away and accidentally met Wheatcraft's father on the street, and the two were standing talking in a perfectly friendly manner, when the younger Wheatcraft came by and said to his father: "Would you talk to a dog?"

Dr. Hammer said to the younger Wheatcraft: "You are a son of a bitch."

The younger Wheatcraft instantly struck Hammer a tremendous blow that knocked him off the sidewalk into the street, and instantly followed Hammer, and kicked him in the stomach three or four times, when Hammer was so dazed from the first blow that he was defenseless. People heard Wheatcraft's blows a long distance. Hammer was retreating all the time and saying to Wheatcraft: "I will kill you if you follow me."

Wheatcraft repeatedly called out: "somebody give me a gun."

Hammer pulled a dirk with a blade four inches long. He stabbed Wheatcraft twice with the blade while it still had the case on it. This, of course, did not hurt Wheatcraft, and he continued to pursue and to beat Hammer.

Hammer then pulled off the scabbard and cut Wheatcraft five or six times.

Wheatcraft then quit and went away. Hammer said: "Get a doctor for him, I have cut him badly," or some words like that.

Wheatcraft went to a physician, and his wounds proved to be not at all dangerous, and Wheatcraft was, in a few days, all well, and so remains.

I am known not to be an orator, and my talk to the people for about an hour and a quarter was entirely extempore, and was simply a record of my life experience. There was nothing in what I said that was severe and yet I was told, afterward, that among some people who ate of the elegant feast given principally to me, there was talk of throwing me into a small lake or pond that was close by.

There are several things that indicate, to me, that infidels at Newton have been terrorized by the Christians until they were afraid to do anything to help Dr. Hammer, and it seems to me that this whole thing from its beginning to its end, so far, has been a scheme to persecute Dr. Hammer because he is an infidel.

He wrote me some time since—being under bond—that he had been to see the prison and that a confinement there of three and a half years would kill him.

This is now a case that should engage the interest of every individual and of every organization in America that claims the right to express infidel opinions, and every one of us must immediately proceed in whatever way we think best to defend that right in this case.

Of course, we expect the American Secular Union and the National Liberal Party to act at once, but in the meantime we must give our individual effort in the matter.

I hope every infidel paper in America and England will print this and call upon its patrons to assist in the matter and that all of these papers will be brought and distributed among people in Iowa.

The Blade will have a large edition for sale at one cent a copy to be mailed to any address or addresses.

DE SUN DO MOVE—REV JASPER.

In 1855 my mother, daughter of the daddy of all the Campbellites, would not allow an accompaniment to a hymn on a piano to be played in our home even after sundown, on Sunday night.

In 1875 a prominent Presbyterian in Lexington, now dead and at the devil, would not take the daily paper upon which I was employed because it had a Sunday issue, though he rented the house in which the paper was published to the proprietor of the paper. That man was indicted for keeping "disorderly houses" in the city of Lexington, the specific charge being that he rented these houses to professional women prostitutes, for the purpose of conducting their business. He escaped fine by swearing that he did not know that they were used for indecent purposes.

He marched to the Presbyterian

Church every Sunday morning with a Bible and hymn book under his arm. On April 20, year of our Lord, 1902, in Lexington, women play foot ball, as it was announced in all the city papers they would do, and not a preacher nor editor in Lexington, except me, a hell-bound old infidel, has a word to say against it.

I do not object to the women playing foot ball on Sunday, of course, but I do object to a lot of women advertising to play foot ball when their only purpose was to show their legs.

On page 840 of the "Definestor" for May, a fine magazine, there is a picture of women playing foot ball. In posing for the picture a woman in the foreground has her short skirt pulled up so as to show her leg six inches above the knee, but, while the exhibition is creditable, all the conditions of the picture indicate that there was no demand for so much elevation. I heard some young men talking about the women at the Lexington Sunday foot ball.

They said the women showed their legs all right, but they were kicking like mules—the men, not the women—because they did not like the samples, and the women were not pretty.

"De sun do move," says Rev. Jasper.

THAT LINOTYPE

And the Blade's One Hundred Thousand Readers.

If you will give me that \$500 for the linotype, as I can but hope you will do, I am feeling more and more, each day, the conviction that in three years the Blade will have its 100,000 readers.

This is now the dream of my life. I want such men as Thompson and Bundy and Kueker, who only need the power to make them rekindle the fires of Smithfield, to see that I have completely triumphed over their infernal scheme to crush out the right to think as we please about religious matters.

Let it go out to the world that the Blue Grass Blade, an outspoken atheistic newspaper, started in the South—in Lexington, Ky., a hot-bed of religious propaganda—prints 100,000 papers each week, and it will shake the whole Christian religion in America.

Can't we, then, my dear brothers and sisters, print in the big figures in our next issue that we have received in money, or in pledges, the balance of the \$500.

It has gotten to be now that hardly any one ever sends more than \$1 and I suppose that after a while, even at this rate, we will get the \$500, but isn't it a pity to be wasting so much valuable time and opportunity? The very finest articles that can be written against the stupendous Christian fraud, that is robbing the people and filling our country with crime and immorality, are appearing in each issue of the Blade and fully as many more just as good are on our hands unprinted because we cannot do it without our present appliances and subjects are, every day, demanding our discussion.

Of course, if I get the linotype, I expect to crowd it and print all this splendid matter, but it is a pity to keep it held back when you all want to see it.

There is, for instance, a piece from Kipper on "Marriage" that has lain here for some weeks, like the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, waiting for the angel to come. It's one of the best of all his many good things.

If I had the money I would just pull it out of my pocket, and pay the balance myself, but I want to go to see my son in St. Louis, and with railroad tickets for advertising, it is, honor bright, all that I can do to raise \$8 to cover my expenses for the whole trip; and, besides that, if I had a barrel of money I believe I have done my share that you all ought to raise the whole of that \$500. Even after we get the \$500, if we ever do, the Blade will have to make \$1,000 to pay the balance for that linotype, and that means economy and self-sacrifice by Mr. Hughes, for three more years.

To give you some idea of the care and constant pains that is back of this little paper, the sweat, and some times tears, that you may some times laugh, while my dear wife is hardly yet half through her duties and while she has done twice as much as I have, I am only able to get to writing this piece after three hours rushing work on this holy Sabbath morn April 27, year of our Lord 1902, and we have not yet had time to have family prayers, and I write with both elbows sticking out of my penitentiary coat and not knowing how I am to get my next coat unless they send me to the penitentiary again.

Oh, if there is any man meat in you brethren and sisters, don't give the Christians the chance to laugh at us and say that it takes an appeal to all the infidels of America to raise the little balance of \$82 when a mere boy preacher in Lexington, who is a patron of the Lexington race horse association, can turn up his nose at a salary of \$15,000 a year, and an assistant who does all the work while his boss plays billiards and goes to horse races, and marries Campbellite scrubocracy with a lot of gingerbread gimcrackery that lays it over any thing the Catholics ever dreamed of.